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Tiny Tot's Speaker

*Designed for
The Wee Ones*

By

LIZZIE J. ROOK and
Mrs. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW



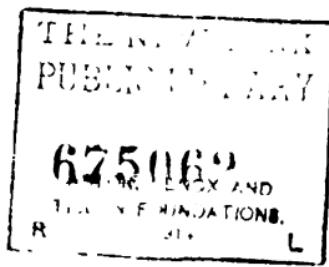
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TINY TOT'S SPEAKER.

WELCOME.

(A concert piece.)

PARENTS, friends, we bid you welcome
To our school-room dear ;
And we join our loving voices
Now to greet you here.

If to-day mistakes we're making,
Many failures too,
Oh! believe us, we have tried
Our very best to do.

WE LITTLE BOYS.

IF older boys can make a speech,
We little boys can, too ;
And though we do not say so much,
Yet we've a word for you.

This world is large and full of room,
There is a place for all ;
The rich, the poor, the wise, the good,
The large as well as small.

So, give the little ones a chance,
To show off what they know,
And shun us not because we're small,
For little boys will grow.

A LITTLE BOY'S LECTURE.

LADIES and Gentlemen:—Nearly four hundred years ago the mighty mind of Columbus, traversing unknown seas, clasped this new continent in its embrace.

A few centuries later arose one here who now lives in all our hearts as the Father of his Country. An able warrior, a sagacious statesman, a noble gentleman. Yes, Christopher Columbus was *great*. George Washington was *great*. But here, my friends, in this glorious nineteenth century, is—a *grater*! [Exhibiting a bright, tin grater. The large kind used for horseradish can be most easily distinguished by the audience.]

JULIA M. THAYER.

THE FIRST PUSSY WILLOWS.

OH, dainty little pussies,
With your soft velvet skins,
How is it that you come so soon,
Before the spring begins?
How could your mother let you out,
When snow and ice were all about?

The cold north wind is blowing,
The air with snow is filled;
Oh, silky little pussies, you'll
Most certainly get chilled:
Go back and wait until you hear
The bluebirds calling “Spring is here!”

L. F. ARMITAGE.

TIME FLIES.

THERE are so many birds and bugs
That fly through summer's day,
But I can tell of something
That flies more swift than they.

You all could guess, but, seems to me,
That no one even tries ;
So I will tell you, listen now,
Of course it's Time that flies.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.



MAMMA'S LITTLE MARKET-WOMAN.

(Little girl in hat and coat, carrying market-basket and pocket-book.)

A POUND of butter, a dozen of eggs, a quart of molasses—yes, that's it ; I mustn't forget. A quart of butter, a dozen of molasses and a pound of eggs—no, a quart of eggs, a pound of molasses and a dozen of butter. Yes, I "fink" that's all. I mustn't make any 'stakes,' 'cause mamma wants them all for supper. [Goes off saying, "A quart of butter, a pound of eggs," etc.]

LIZZIE J. ROOK.

TRIALS.

(A little girl with infant doll in her lap, one in a toy bed or cradle and others seated on chairs or placed in some conspicuous position.)

O H, dear ! I'm in such trouble—
 Sophia's sick abed,
 And Rosalind is dreadful cross
 Because she bumped her head ;
 Belle's torn her nice new apron,
 The naughty, careless child !
 And Rob is so mischievous
 He nearly sets me wild ;
 The baby, too, is teething,
 And so, of course, he cries ;
 Dear me ! It's hard to manage
 A family of this size.

BESSIE B. MCCLURE.

HER SOLILOQUY.

I LOVE my little brother :
 I He's a cunning, rosy elf ;
 But I wish—somehow or other—
 That he could rock himself !

FREDERICK B. OPPER.

SEVEN DAYS IN A WEEK.

(A concert piece.)

All.—

SEVEN little girls are we,
 Each one goes to school ;
 There we try to do our work,
 And mind our teacher's rule.

We are learning very fast,
 How to read and spell,
 Many stories do we know,
 One of which we'll tell.

This is one about the week,
 We are each a day ;
 Truly ones of course we're not,
 But just so in play.

Bessie.— I am Monday, and you see
 I can wash quite fine,
 First the clothes I rub and boil,
 Then hang them on the line.

Alice.— I am Tuesday, the next day,
 Full of work am I,
 All the clothes I have to press,
 But I will not cry.

Eva.— I am Wednesday, and must cook
Puddings, pies and cake,
For my hungry little flock
Eat everything I make.

Annie.—I am Thursday and I guess
I must take a walk,
Many calls I have to make
And much I'll have to talk.

Clara.— Friday comes and I must try
All the rooms to clean ;
For we dislike to see dust
Anywhere, I mean.

Jennie.—Saturday is here at last,
And I'm quite perplexed ;
With so many things to do,
What shall I do next ?

Ada.— Sunday is the day of rest,
And we'll try to do
Just what God would want of us,
All the whole day through.

All.— Now we've said our piece to you
And we'll take our seat,
Hoping at some future time,
You again we'll meet.

CORA WOODWARD FOSTER.

BUT LITTLE FOLKS.

I'M but a little girl, you see,
 I Not quite turned six years old,
 Yet many things I've learned to do,
 Pray, do not think me bold.

When dear mamma is very tired,
 I wipe the dishes dry,
 Then sweep the floor and dust the chairs
 And rock the baby "bye."

Each day at nine to school I go,
 I read and write and spell
 And sing sweet songs and learn new gems,
 And try to do all well.

MARIE E. KUNKLER.

DOLLY'S TOILET.

(A little girl in the act of cutting her doll's hair with
 scissors.)

O H, dolly dear, your hair's too long,
 To wear it so is very wrong ;
 You'll see in every fashion-plate
 It's worn quite short, not long and straight.

 So please sit still on my knee there,
 And I will try to cut your hair ;
 Then when you've on your new, blue gown,
 You'll be the finest doll in town.

THE LOST OPPORTUNITY.

UNCLE JACK came to our house the other day to take me to ride, but—O dear ! I couldn't find my hat for so long that Uncle Jack wouldn't wait, and Mamma said I had lost—what was it? Something beside my hat. It was something pretty big. And then just afterward Aunt Nellie came, and I didn't go to see her as soon as I was called, and she went away and did not leave me the lovely box of candy she had brought. Then Mamma said I had lost another —— O, what was it? Then tonight when I was coming here, she said, "Now you must be in time, or you will lose your"—O, I know—"Op-por-tu-ni-ty." Did you ever lose an op-por-tu-ni-ty?

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

DR. BROWN.

(A dialogue for a small girl and boy. Room arranged as doctor's office—bottles, rags and scissors on table, at which doctor sits reading newspaper.)

(Bell rings.)

Doctor.— A NOTHER patient, I suppose,
This is my office hour,
And by the score I count them off
Who claim my healing power.

(Enter small girl as mother, with dilapidated doll.)

Mother. -I've called to see you, Dr. Brown,
I've heard of your great skill,
And so I've brought my darling here,
Who is so very ill.

Doctor. -(Takes baby.)

Ah me ! just so, ahem ! ahem !
She's very ill indeed ;
For fractured is her skull,
Her arm, how it does bleed.

Her face, I see, is covered o'er
With bruises, black and blue :
Now madam, I'll proceed at once
To see what I can do.

Mother. —Oh, doctor, do you, do you think
My little dear will die ?
I feel as if, —oh dear, as if
I shall begin to cry.

Doctor. — Now madam, calm yourself at once,
You know I'm Doctor Brown ,
And if I cannot cure your child
There's no one can in town.

Mother. —Oh, doctor, try at once, please try
To cure my little Nell ;
I feel as if my heart will break
Unless she gets quite well.

Doctor.—(Who has been working with doll.)
Upon her head you see I've placed
A plaster rag-a-rum ;
Her arm I've sewed as neat as wax
From elbow unto thumb.

The bruises from her face are gone,
I've used some butterine :
And now your baby is as well
As any ever seen.
(Hands babe to mother.)

Mother.—Oh, doctor, she's as sweet, as sweet
As anything can be !
Now, if you'll tell me, I will pay
Your customary fee.

Doctor.—Ten dollars, madam, is my price
For curing such a case.

Mother.—Ten dollars ! that is awful dear,
How can you have the face ?
Well, there it is ; pray have no doubt
I'll tell it over town.

Docan — Well, speed my fame, if so you will—
The fame of Doctor Brown.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW

MY TIME TABLE.

SIXTY seconds make a minute,
How much good can I do in it?
Sixty minutes make an hour,
All the good that's in my power;
Twenty hours and four, a day,
Time for sleep and work and play;
Days, three hundred sixty-five,
Make a year for me to strive
Right good things each day to do,
That I wise may grow and true.

SPOTTY.

ALITTLE dog I used to know,
When I was little, long ago.
He came if I was bad
And sat upon my back, folks said,
But vanished when I laughed, instead:
It was a way he had.

If I looked cross, began to pout,
Or threw my toys or books about,
If I looked sour and black,
Aunt Jane would say, although she smiled,
“Why, I can see what ails the child,
There’s Spotty on her back.”

SLEEPING MAY.

OVER the hill where March winds sweep,
Lies a wee baby, fast asleep ;
In her hand is the tender green grass blade,
And her eyes have the violet's bluest shade ;
Her lips are red as the columbine
That 'round the gray old rocks doth twine ;
Her cheeks are pink as the crane's-bill sweet ;
And anemone-white are her little feet ;
April breezes will kiss her awake, some day,
Then we'll call that baby the month of May.

REBEKAH WILLIS

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

THE elephant said, "If my trunk I could check
I would make an excursion to upper Quebec ;
But truly, I cannot get state-room or bunk,
So long as I'm hampered with such a big trunk."

GRANDMA'S STORY AND MINE.

MY Grandma tells lovely stories 'bout "Once upon a time," and she said she wanted me to tell her a story sometime. So when I go to see her I'll take my little chair close up to her and I'll say, "Now, Grandma, I'll tell you a story." Then

Grandma will stop knitting and look over her spectacles—so. Then, of course, I'll stop to kiss her, because she looks so sweet. Then Grandma will say, "Well, go on with your story, little May." Then I'll commence again—"Well, once upon a time—" Why, seems to me I see Grandma laughing now. I'll have to kiss her again if she does. Then we'll both laugh, and if she says, "Well, finish your story," I'll just say, "Once upon a time there was a little girl, and she had a dear, sweet, lovely grandma. Grandma, you're my story."

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

ARITHMETIC.

(A boy sits in a chair on platform, holding a large slate and pencil, and looking at it occasionally, as if talking to himself.)

I'M glad I have a good-sized slate,
With lots of room to calculate.
Bring on your sums ! I'm ready now ;
My slate is clean and I know how.
But don't you ask me to subtract ;
I like to have my slate well packed ;
And only two long rows, you know,
Make such a miserable show ;
And, please, don't bring me sums to add ;
Well, multiplying's just as bad ;
And, say ! I'd rather not divide—
Bring me something I haven't tried !

NEVER PLAY TRUANT.

LISTEN to me, now,
My dear little lad :
Never play truant;
'Tis naughty and bad.

Others will scorn you,
And point as you pass :
"Look at the boy
At the foot of his class!"

MARY AND DINAH.

(*With dolls.*)

THIS is my dolly Mary,
She's only two years old;
Dear Santa brought her to me—
At least that's what I'm told.

I think she's very pretty,
She has such big blue eyes,
But when 'tis time to go to bed,
Oh my ! how dolly cries !

And this is dolly Dinah,
She's 'most as black as night;
I love her very dearly,
But Dick says she's a fright.

I play she's Mary's nursy,
 Who takes her out to walk
 And keeps her clothes in order
 And teaches her to talk.

I think they both are darlings,
 And I hope they'll never die;
 For I'm sure if I should lose them,
 I would cry, and cry, and cry.

LIZZIE J. ROOK.

GRANDMA'S MISTAKE.

POOR Grandma, I do hate to tell her,
 And yet it does seem queer,
 She's lived so much longer than I have,
 And I, why, I've known it a year.

Even Alice begins to look doubtful,
 And she is so babyish, too;
 And Mamma just laughs at the nonsense,
 But Grandma believes it is true.

I did it all up in brown paper,
 And laid it just there by her plate,
 And she put on her glasses so slowly,
 I thought that I never could wait.

And when she had opened the bundle,
 " My gracious! " she said, " how complete!
 A dear little box for my knitting ;
 Now isn't old Santa Claus sweet? "

ETHEL'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

THIS is my birthday and I am going to have a party. I have invited four little girls to play with me. Mamma wrote dear little notes and sent them to Bessie, Ida, Nellie and Daisy. I've hunted up all my dolls and dressed them in their best clothes. Don't they look sweet? We are going to have our tea all by ourselves, and I am to sit at the head of the table. Mamma says she will peep at us while we are eating, to see how we look. Would you like to peep at us, too? There goes the door-bell! Do you hear it? I think my party has come. Now, dollies, be very good and don't give me any trouble. [Curtain falls, and rises as quickly as possible, disclosing tableau—the five little girls, each with dolls, seated at a small table nicely laid.]

LIZZIE J. ROOK.

OLD FOLKS.

(For a little girl dressed as Grandma, and a little boy dressed as Grandpa.)

Girl.—**N**OW, Grandpa, as I sit and knit,
Please read to me the news;
You may read about the 'lection things,
Or anything you choose.

Boy.—What! read to you of politics!
Now what do women know?
I'll read you of the fashions,
Or 'bout the candy show.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

WHY do they come? I know, I know,
I guessed their secret long ago.
They put on their dresses of pink and white
And come when the days are long and light,
 And smile, and smile
 For a little while,
To tell the children that, some fine day,
When summer is hurrying fast away,
Rosy apples will hang up there
Just where the bonny blossoms were.

BIRD TALK.

ARE the noises in the woods the voices of the birds talking about school? Does one call Bob White, Bob White, you're late, you're late, Bob White, you're late? And does another chirp Whip-poor-Will, Whip-poor-Will? Did they "Whip-poor-Will" because he didn't want to go? Does Katy promise to fly home with the swallow? Katy-did, Katy-didn't. If they don't talk about school, what do they talk about, I wonder?

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

MY AGE.

(For a little girl five years old.)

I 'M one and one, and one and two,
 That is my age all told ;
 And if I live as long again,
 I shall be twice as old.



CATCHING A WHALE.

(A little girl, with shovel and pail, in bathing costume.)

I 'M going to the shore to dig,
 With my shovel and my pail,
 Now, wouldn't it be very grand
 If I should catch a whale ?

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.



HIS SPEECH.

YOU'VE called on me to make a speech ;
 I'm sure I don't know how ;
 Perhaps 'twill answer just as well
 If I only make a bow.

THE BIRD'S SONG.

LISTEN, my boy ; I've a word for you ;
And this is the word : Be true ! be true !
At work or at play, in darkness or light,
Be true, be true, and stand for the right.

List, little girl ; I've a word for you ;
'Tis the very same : Be true ! be true !
For the truth is the sun and falsehood, the night ;
Be true, little maid, and stand for the right.

MY SPEECH.

FOLKS think I'm such a tiny tot
That I can't make a speech,
For some one said to Mamma
I am too young to teach.

But I can tell a story
I'm sure you never heard ;
And if you'll only listen,
I'll tell you every word.

"One morning very early
I heard a whisper low,
It came from near my bedside,
This little voice, you know.

20
MY SPEECH.

"Oh dear, I'm very wretched,
Is any one more tried?
For just behold my trouble,
I'm broken in my side.

"I'm torn and bruised and scratched
And grown so very thin,
It is indeed a really sad
Condition I am in."

And then another voice replied
"I'm sorry you are sad,
But misery loves company
And I am just as bad.

"I've worked all day from morn till eve,
Right side by side with you;
I've suffered woes, until, until—
My sole's worn through and through."

"Then let us creep together, close,
Our waning life to spend;
For this is just a solemn fact,
We are too bad to mend."

Just then I opened wide my eyes
To hear such awful news,
And by my bed I only saw
My little worn out shoes.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

GOLDEN KEYS.

A BUNCH of golden keys is mine,
To make each day with gladness shine.
"Good Morning," that's the golden key
That unlocks every day for me.
When evening comes, "Good Night," I say,
And close the door of each glad day.
When at the table, "If you please,"
I take from off my bunch of keys.
When friends give anything to me,
I'll use the little "Thank You" key.
"Excuse Me," "Beg Your Pardon," too,
When by mistake some harm I do ;
Or, if unkindly harm I've given,
With "Forgive Me" I shall be forgiven.
On a golden ring these keys I'll bind ;
This is its motto, "Be Ye Kind."
I'll often use each golden key,
And then a child polite I'll be.

DON'T SAY IT.

IS there a cross word that tries to be said ?
Don't let it, my dear, don't let it !
Just speak two pleasant ones, quick, instead,
And that will make you forget it.

SPRING.

I'VE a friend whom I visit
 Who's rich as a Jew ;
 She has green velvet carpets,
 I can play on them, too ;
 Rich pieces of music of every kind ;
 And pictures ! the prettiest ones you can find ;
 Then her gold ! I know if it were spread out
 'Twould cover all Boston around and about.
 You say you can hardly believe such a thing
 And ask me her name ? Why, her name's Gentle
 Spring.

ANNIE CHASE.

BUTTERFLIES.

M Y teacher told me, yesterday,
 And she is very wise,
 That horrid little squirming worms
 Made lovely butterflies.

But I heard Bridget tell Mamma,
 She said it with a sigh,
 "Shure, marm, it is the buckwheat cakes
 That makes the butter fly."

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

PACKING THE KNOWLEDGE BOX.

I'VE begun to pack a box. Every day I put in a great many things ; sometimes I put in things that I wish I hadn't, but I cannot get them out again, no matter how hard I try. And then the queerest thing about this box is, that the more I put in, the more room there seems to be. But no ; that is not the queerest ; I think this is, that no matter how hard I work, or how long I work, I never finish. Of course, it's my Knowledge Box I'm packing.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

ROB'S MITTENS.

OUR Rob has mittens new and red,
To keep his hands so warm and nice
When making snowballs, building forts,
And sliding on the ice.

One morning, coming in from play,
His dear face pinker than a rose,
"Please, Mamma," cried he, "can't you knit
A mitten for my nose?"

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

OUR VERY BEST.

TO be as great as Washington,
I could not if I would,
So I've made up my mind
To try and be as good.

GRANDMA'S TEA.

(A little girl standing by a table upon which is a tea-pot cup and saucer, spoons, sugar and milk and a tray.)

MY poor, dear Grandma is so sick,
I'll take her up some tea.

(*Putting sugar in a cup*) I guess she likes it very sweet,

If she's at all like me.

Now what comes next? The cream, of course;
And now the tea I'll pour (*spilling the tea*);
Oh, dear! 'Tis running down the sides—
'Twill soon be on the floor.

What shall I do? I'll take it up
Before I lose it all;
'Tis very heavy! I'm afraid
That I shall let it fall.

I'll walk quite slowly—then I'll say—
“Now, Grandma dear, drink this.”
Then she will say, “O thank you, pet,
Come give me one sweet kiss.”

LIZZIE J. ROOK

A GOOD NAME.

“**F**AITHFUL boys make faithful men,
In all things do your best, and then
You'll have a name when you are old,
Worth more to you than shining gold.”

NORTH AND SOUTH.

THE little boys in Labrador
 Would stare if they should see
 A crop of yellow oranges
 Growing on a tree.

The little boys in Florida
 Declare they'd like to know
 How balls are made
 And walls are made
 Of watery stuff like snow.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

CAT AND CANARY.

IN a golden cage
 Hung a gold canary;
 And gray pussy-cat,
 Discovering that,
 Delighted was—very.

She said to herself,
 "I am tired of mice;
 And some little thing,
 With a tender wing,
 Would taste so nice!"

So, ready to leap,
 She crouched on the floor,
 With green eyes, when
 Little Jane just then
 Came in at the door.

And she saw gray puss,
 So wicked and wary,
 With long tail swinging,
 And ready for springing
 On the gold canary.

Now, what did puss get?
 Would you like to hear?
 The bird perhaps!
 No! good sound raps
 Upon each ear.

And away she fled
 With a loud me-ew,
 And Jane grew merry,
 And the gold canary
 Grew merry too.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

MY DOLLY.

WHOM is it that I've christened May,
 With whom I dearly love to play,
 And dress and undress every day?
 My Dolly.

Who is it loves me well, although,
 Poor dear, she cannot tell me so,
 Because she cannot talk, you know?
 My Dolly.

Who is it, tho' she's very old,
 I love still in my arms to hold,
 And wouldn't part with—not for gold?
 My Dolly.

GRANDMA'S SPECTACLES.

GRANDMA offered a prize the other day to us children. She called us to her, Fred, Will and me and said, "Children, I have lost my spectacles; I have hunted everywhere, high and low, far and near, and cannot find them. Now, to the one who finds them, I will give a prize." We all started off together. Fred said he would look under all the sofas and chairs, while Will chose the mantels and closets. I thought maybe I would find them by asking questions. So I began with the cook and asked everybody in the house; but no one had seen Grandma's glasses. We all went back to Grandma with the sad news that we could not find them. Little Bessie, who was sitting on Grandma's lap, exclaimed, "I see, I see dear Grandma's specs on top of Grandma's head." So, of course, Grandma gave Bessie the prize.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

LITTLE STAR.

GOOD-NIGHT, little star!
I will go to my bed,
And leave you to burn
While I lay down my head.
On my pillow I'll sleep
Till the morning light;
Then you will be fading
And I shall be bright.

A LECTURE TO THE CROW.

CROW, you're very wicked !
You'll surely come to grief ;
The naughtiest thing in all the world
It is, to be a thief ?
You needn't turn your head one side,
As if you didn't care ;
You know you stole poor Carlo's bone ;
And, Crow, it wasn't fair !

He buried it so cunning
This morning, in the ground ;
He never even dreamed, I'm sure,
That robbers were around.
And just as soon as he was gone
You took it, I declare,
I saw you flying off with it ;
And, Crow, it wasn't fair.

I think you'd better drop it,
And some other breakfast find,
Else, when good birdies go to heaven,
You'll sure be left behind !
You won't ? Then sad will be your fate,
As sure as you sit there !
To steal a doggie's only bone,
Oh, Crow, it wasn't fair !

OUR FLAG.

TO the red, white, and blue
I will ever be true."

There is no flag, however grand,
Like our own red, white, and blue.

Hurrah for the flag ! Our country's flag !
Its stripes and white stars, too !
There is no flag in any land
Like our own red, white, and blue !

FROM ONE TO SIX.

WHEN I was one
I wore long dresses just for fun,
I couldn't walk or creep or run.

When I was two
I learned a language all brand new,
I only knew at first " Boo-hoo."

When I was three
I had a lovely Christmas tree,
And a little sister sent to me.

When I was four
I had some books and wanted more,
But couldn't think to shut the door.

MISS LIMBERKIN'S MOUSE.

When I was five
I went to the brook and tried to dive
And papa took me out alive.

When I was six
I often got into a fix,
And did not like the crooks of sticks.

What comes next? I do not know,
But it's better and better the older I grow,
Because my Mamma told me so.

ESTHER FLEMING.

MISS LIMBERKIN'S MOUSE.

LITTLE Miss Limberkin,
Dreadful to say,
Found a mouse in the cupboard
A-sleeping away.
Little Miss Limberkin
Gave such a scream,
She frightened the little mouse
Out of its dream.

WHAT TO DRINK.

I THINK that every mother's son
And every father's daughter,
Should drink at least till twenty-one,
Just nothing but cold water.
And after that, they might drink tea,
But nothing any stronger ;
If all folks would agree with me,
They'd live a great deal longer.

WHO IS SHE?

WHEN she's young she's tall and slender,
Any faint young breeze could bend her.
She grows stout as she grows old,
And her hair is sunny gold.
As the days pass out of sight,
Lo ! her hair turns snowy white.
Then the children in their play
Wish—and blow her quite away.
Guess her name ? You're "tired tryin'?"
Why, her name is "Dandelion."

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

THE LOST KITTEN.

MY little kitty's gone astray,
She would no longer with us stay.
This is, indeed, a sorry day,
For kitty's lost.

Perhaps some cat upon the fence
Did drive our little kitty hence,
Who went because she'd no more sense,
Oh ! Kitty's lost.

No more she'll lie upon our laps,
And sweetly take her short cat-naps,
Or slyly blink at our love-taps,
My kitty's lost.

No more we'll softly stroke her fur,
Or listen to her gentle purr ;
Oh ! It is hard, not to murmur,
For kitty's lost.

And, now, just tell me, please, will you ?
I really don't know what to do ;
Shall I begin and boo-hoo-hoo ?
For kitty's lost..

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

THAT'S BABY.

ONE little row of ten little toes
To go along with a brand new nose
Eight little fingers and two new thumbs
That are just as good as sugar plums—
That's baby.

One little pair of round, new eyes,
Like a little owl's, so big and wise,
One little place they call a mouth,
Without one tooth from north to south—
That's baby.

Two little cheeks to kiss all day,
Two little hands so in his way,
A brand new head, not very big,
That seems to need a brand new wig—
That's baby.

Dear little row of ten little toes !
How much we love them nobody knows ;
Ten little kisses on mouth and chin ;
What a shame he wasn't born a twin—
That's baby.

THE DANDELION.

THREE was a pretty dandelion,
 With lovely, fluffy hair,
 That glistened in the sunshine
 And in the summer air.
 But, oh ! this pretty dandelion
 Soon grew quite old and gray ;
 And, sad to tell, her charming hair
 Blew many miles away.

LIKE WASHINGTON.

HE went to the war with a general's hat,
 And feathers and sword—I should like to do
 that ;
 He fought and he fought, till the enemy ran,
 That's how I shall do it when I am a man.

But, perhaps, I had better be thinking how
 I may be a little like Washington now ;
 For they say that his being a hero began
 A long time before he was a big man.

He learned very early to tell what was true,
 An excellent thing for a hero to do ;
 For every small boy it would be a good plan
 To learn the same lesson before he's a man.

A NEW KIND OF DOLL.

' I'M tired of leather dolls,' said Belle,
 " The sawdust all runs out,
 I want one just like baby Nell,"
 And Belle began to pout.

" Her eyes shut every night, you see,"
 And then she sobbed in grief,
 " Mamma, you never buy for me
 A doll that's made of beef."

ANNA L. JACK.

A FIRST SPEECH.

THE other girls and boys in school
 All said I was too young
 To stand up here, like them, and use
 My hands and feet and tongue.

But now I guess they'll own that I
 Am quite as smart as they,
 For all my speech is not as long
 As some the rest may say.

CONTENTMENT.

A KITTEN has no work to do,
 It frisks about all day ;
 But she can't write as I can,
 All she can do is play.

A birdie has no work to do,
 He flies from tree to tree ;
 But he can't read as I can,
 Nor even count to three.

I'm glad I'm not a kitten,
 And I wouldn't be a bird,
 For if I changed with either,
 I shouldn't know a word.

S. C. PRABODY.



WHAT THE LITTLE SHOES SAID.

I SAW two dusty littie shoes
 A-standing by the bed ;
 They suddenly began to talk,
 And this is what they said :

" We're just as tired as we can be,
 We've been 'most everywhere ;
 And now our little master rests—
 It really is not fair.

" He's had his bath and sweetly sleeps
 'Twixt sheets both cool and clean,
 While we are left to stand outside ;
 Now don't you think it mean ?

" We've carried him from morn till night :
 He's quite forgot, that's plain ;
 While here we watch, and wait, and wait
 Till morning comes again.

" And then he'll tramp, and tramp, and tramp
 The livelong summer day ;
 Now this is what we'd like to do—
 Just carry him away

" Where he could never go to bed,
 But stay up all the night
 Unwashed, and covered o'er with dust—
 Indeed ! 'twould serve him right."

DOLLY'S BATH.

(A little girl washing a doll.)

DOLLY, you're a sad disgrace,
 I shall have to wash your face ;
 How can you so dirty be ?
 Really it distresses me.
 A bath at once, dear, you must take,
 That will a nice, clean dolly make.

THE NAUGHTY HENS.

YOU little hens, you naughty hens,
 Whatever have you done?
 You've rooted up the cauliflowers
 And eaten every one.

When Harry comes and beats you,
 As he most likely may,
 Whatever will your dear Mamma
 And little sisters say?

I think you'll feel as I have felt
 Sometimes before to-day,
 So if you do not like the stick,
 You'd better run away.



MAMMA'S HELPER.

(Child tearing leaves from calendar.)

THIS is my Mamma's calendar ;
 She has so much to do,
 She only tears a leaf a day,
 I'll help her, wouldn't you ?

Why, I can tear so fast, just see
 How leaves fly all around ;
 I guess they're six, and four, and three,
 All scattered on the ground.

And now I'll pick them up and go
And tell my Mamma dear,
If she's not pleased, I really think
It will be very queer.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

CARRIE'S BIRTHDAY CAKE.

YES, Aunt Jennie, I was six years old last Saturday, and Mamma made me a beautiful cake, all covered with icing and with six little candles on it, one for every year, you know. What ! you going to have a birthday, Aunt Jennie ; and you want a cake with candles on it, too ? Why, you can't ! You can't have the candles, Aunt Jennie—not one for every year, you know. There wouldn't be room on the cake.

CHILDREN SHOULD BE SEEN AND NOT HEARD.

"LITTLE children should be seen and not heard," somebody has said. If everybody believed it, I would have nothing to do but come before you all, make my bow, and say : How—oh, no ! I must not say anything. I would bow; how do you do? Then throw a kiss, and say—no, no ; not say, but nod—good-bye.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

KITTY KNEW.

SEVEN sheep were standing
By the pasture wall;
“Tell me,” said the teacher,
To her scholars small,
“One poor sheep was frightened,
Jumped, and ran away;
One from seven—how many
Woolly sheep would stay?”

Up went Kitty’s fingers—
A farmer’s daughter she,
Not so bright at figures
As she ought to be.
“Please, ma’am,”—“Well, then, **Kitty**,
Tell us, if you know.”
“Please, if one jumped over,
All the rest would go.”

TALE OF A PONY.

IHAVE a little pony,
His name is Grenadier;
I got him on my birthday—
I’m five years old this year.
I do not think my pony
Is quite as old as I;
But then he is much longer,
And he is just as high.

I give my pony apples,
 He likes them more than hay ;
 I give him lumps of sugar
 And biscuits every day.
 I like to feed and pet him,
 He loves me so, you see ;
 And if I were the pony,
 He'd do as much for me.

THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

AN old turkey gobler strutted around,
 With all his black feathers plumed high ;
 His wings trailing proudly upon the hard ground,
 His tail toward the moon in the sky.

Perched high on a fence a rooster he spied,
 Whose crowing might waken the dead ;
 "Do stop that loud noise !" in a fierce rage, he cried ;
 Strutting on with a toss of his head.

The rooster was dumb ; but he chuckled with glee
 As he thought of the grand dinner spread
 On Thanksgiving Day, when that turkey would be
 Served up without feathers or head.

Thanksgiving Day came—the turkey was there,
 But bereft of his flaunting black gown ;
 He lay on his back, with his feet in the air,
 And his body a delicate brown.

They carved the flesh from his every bone;
 And joked as they passed it around ;
 To the rooster, too, no mercy was shown—
 For he in the soup was found.

Z. F. RILEY.

EARLY MISS CROCUS.

I 'M little Crocus,
 How d'y do?
 I'm coming out now,
 Wouldn't you ?

Come, Yellow Daisy,
 Lift your head,
 Pull little Buttercup
 Out of bed.

Guess I'm the first up,
 Tra, la, la ;
 I'm going to laugh now.
 Ha, ha, ha !

My, how the wind blows,
 Whoo, hoo, woo ;
 Think I'll go in now,
 Boo, hoo, hoo !

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

THE BLUEBIRD'S MESSAGE.

THE trees are yet bare,
And there's snow on the ground ;
Not a blade of green grass
As yet can be found ;
But I saw a bright bluebird to-day, so I know
That spring will soon come and that winter must go.

We like snow and ice,
And we don't mind the cold,
But of winter we're tired—
It now has grown old.

And we're glad that the bluebirds are here, for they say
That the spring will soon come, and is now on the way.

L. F. ARMITAGE.

DILIGENT BESSIE.

KITTY, don't sit there looking at me ; I've no time to play ; I'm big enough now to take care of my clothes. I am making a dear little darn in the toe of my stocking. I've watched Mamma mend stockings—and it's just as easy as easy can be. You pull the thread forward and backward, backward and forward—see, Kitty. Oh, there ! I've broken my thread, and I don't know how to mend it. I've never learned to mend thread, so come on, Kitty, we'll have a good romp and let the old stocking go (throws it on the floor and skips off).

LIZZIE J. ROOK.

TAKING DOLLY'S PICTURE.

(A little girl has placed her doll on a chair, while she stands beside another chair at some distance in front of doll. A magic lantern is on the chair, or if this is not obtainable, a black cloth thrown across the top of the chair will answer.)

COME, Dolly Toodlekins, I'm going to take your picture, and you must mind every word I say. Sit up straight now—so ! Look right at me. That's right ! Now don't wink or blink. You're minding beautifully. Now don't laugh or even smile, but just look pleasant while I count one, two, three, four. Now it's done, and your 'spression is lovely. Come now, we'll go see Grandma. We'll tell her what a good girl you were.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

A NURSERY FABLE.

A BABY once cried for the moon,
So they got a toy moon for their pet ;
But the babe wasn't satisfied yet,
It set up another wild tune,

And cried for the star-spangled dipper.
Did they promise to haul down the skies ?
No ; they tired of its "heavenly" cries,
And made it "see stars" with a slipper.

WILL H. WALL.

SPEECH IS SILVER ; SILENCE, GOLDEN.

THHEY say that speech is silver,
That is what I have been told;
And silence is more precious,
For it is like to gold.

Now, I will scatter silver,
By this, my little speech;
While you, in silence, gather
The gold within your reach.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

AMBITION.

“WELL,” said the duckling, “well,”
As he looked at his broken shell,
“If this is the world I’ve dreamt about,
It’s a very great pity I ever came out.”

“My dear,” said the duck, “my dear,
Don’t imagine the world is here;
The world is a pond, it lies out there;
You shall soon see life, so don’t despair.”

But the duckling’s spirit soared beyond
The reeds and weeds of that muddy pond,
And it certainly is most atrocious luck
To be born with a soul, if you’re only a duck.

DOLLY'S VACCINATION.

I WAS so very much afraid
 My dolly would get sick,
 I scratched and picked her little arm
 Just with a pointed stick.

I hope she won't get whooping-cough,
 Nor any bumps nor knocks,
 Not even pimply measles,
 Nor horrid little pox.

For that's the way the doctor did
 To little sister Kate,
 To keep the dear from getting sick—
 He called it "vaccinate."

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

MY CARLO TALKS.

SOME people say that dogs can't talk,
 But this is not quite true,
 For, that my Carlo talks to me,
 I'll plainly show to you.

Now, when I say, "Come, Carlo, speak,
 Do you want a piece of meat?"
 He wags, and barks bow-wow, to say
 "I'm hungry and can eat."

And then when I am going out,
And say, " You cannot go,"
He, wistful, eyes me, while he says
" I understand, No ! No ! "

And when again I only say
" Come, Carlo, take the lead,"
He frisks around and joyful says
" I'm very glad, indeed."

And when to closed door he comes,
With scratches, one, two, three,
He says, as plain as anything,
" Come, turn the latch for me."

And so I could tell many things,
As plain as A, B, C,
About when I talk to my dog,
And he talks back to me.

The trouble is, that folks won't learn
A little dog's plain speech ;
If they'd only pay attention,
Most any dog could teach.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

DECORATION DAY.

HERE is a lily and here is a rose,
 And here is a heliotrope,
 And here is the woodbine sweet that grows
 On the garden's sunny slope.

Here is a bit of mignonette,
 And here's a geranium red,
 A pansy bloom and a violet
 I found in a mossy bed.

These are the flowers I love the best,
 And I've brought them all to lay
 With loving hands where soldiers rest,
 On Decoration Day.

SUSIE M. BEST.

GRACIE'S CAKE.

IHAVE something nice to tell you,
 And now I will begin
 To show you how to make a cake,
 And just what to put in.

Of course you measure sugar
 And butter in a cup,
 And screw them round together
 Until they're all mixed up.

And then you take some nice, fresh eggs,
 And mash them up just so,
 Then grind them round with flour,
 Which makes a nice, soft dough.

And when the stove is very hot
 You put this in to bake,
 Then, in a very little while,
 Out comes a lovely cake.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

THE SNOW-MAN.

A SNOW-MAN stands in the moonlight gold
 Smoking his pipe serenely,
 For what cares he that the night is cold,
 Though his coat is thin and his hat is old
 And the blustering winds blow keenly.

He has heard the children telling in glee
 That Santa Claus would visit
 This night their beautiful Christmas tree ;
 And it is not strange he should wish to see
 How this can happen—now is it ?

CRICKET SONGS.

WHAT'S the song the crickets sing,
 Summer, autumn, winter, spring ?

When I take my little broom
 And go dusting through the room,
 “ Sweep ! sweep ! sweep ! sweep ! ”

When I go to bed at night,
 Then I hear them out of sight,
 "Sleep ! sleep ! sleep ! sleep !"

When I waken every day,
 If it's sunny, then they say,
 "Peep ! peep ! peep ! peep !"

But they feel as bad as I
 When it rains, for then they cry,
 "Weep ! weep ! weep ! weep !"

E. WHITNEY.

A QUEER TABLE.

I WISH to tell you all to-day of a very queer table. In the first place it is several hundred years old and yet it is as good as new—just as sound and strong as ever. No, it is not iron, and yet I can't see how it can ever wear out. It is not used for breakfast, dinner, or any meal. It came all the way from Arabia and it is ornamented with many figures. We do not know who made it, but we do know that it is a very useful table, and we call it "The Multiplication Table."

DOLLY'S LESSON.

(Alphabet chart on the wall; little girl with a long pointer—dolly on a chair).

COME here, you nignoramus !
 I'm shamed to have to 'fess
 You don't know any letter
 'Cept just your cookie S.

Now listen, and I'll tell you—
 This round hole's name is O,
 And when you put a tail in,
 It makes it Q, you know.

And if it has a front door
 To walk in at, it's C;
 Then make a seat right here
 To sit on, and it's G.

And this tall letter, Dolly,
 Is I, and stands for me,
 And when it puts a hat on,
 It makes a cup o'T.

And curly I is J, dear,
 And half of B is P,
 And E without his slippers on
 Is only F, you see.

You turn A upside downward,
 And people call it V,
 And if it's twins, like this one,
 W 'twill be.

Now, Dolly, when you learn e'm,
 You'll know a great big heap—
 Most much's I—Oh, Dolly !
 I b'lieve you've gone asleep.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

TIT FOR 'TAT.

SIX and nine had a falling out ;
 I can't say what it was all about.
 One was angry, and said, " Oh, fie,
 You know you are worth three less than I."
 The other cried, with a pout and frown,
 " You're nothing but six turned upside down ! "

H. R. HUDSON.

BUSY BEE.

" **D**EARY me," cried a busy bee,
 " What curious sights in town we see !
 Children who've not tasted honey ;
 Big folks selling flowers for money ;
 Deary me ! " cried the busy bee,
 " The country is the place for me."

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

WELCOME, bright flag ! welcome to-day !
 Above the schoolhouse float for aye.
 Our country's pride, our country's boast,
 From Maine to the Pacific coast.
 Thy starry folds we raise on high
 And vow for thee to live or die.

Banner all glorious, float ever o'er us !
 Every star shining there steadfast and true ;
 Holding the lesson of Union before us,
 Written for aye in the red, white and blue.

A FROG IN THE THROAT.

I KNOW a little animal
 That's neither wild nor tame ;
 Now, tell me, if you really can,
 What is its place and name.

Now, when it comes to stay with me,
 I cannot sing a note ;
 I'll tell you, for you'll never guess,
 A frog right in my throat.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

A SIX-YEAR-OLD.

WHEN Joe and Kate and Dick and Belle
 Started to school last fall,
 I cried to go, and papa said
 He thought I was too small.

I begged so hard, at last he said,
 " Well, you can go to-day ;
 For after this I'm very sure,
 At home you'll want to stay."

But I'm not tired yet, and you
 Can judge now by my looks,
 That, though I am but six years old,
 I like my school and books.

DON'T.

I MIGHT have just the mos ~~st fur~~.

If 'twasn't for a word,

I think the very worrest one

'At ever I have heard.

I wish 'at it 'd go away,

But I'm afraid it won't

I s'pose 'at it'll always s~~i~~ y—

That awful word of " don't."

It's "don't you make a bit of noise,"

And "don't go out of door,"

And "don't you spread your stock of toys

About the parlor floor ;"

And "don't you dare play in the dust,"

And "don't you tease the cat,"

And "don't you get your clothing mussed,"

And "don't" do this and that.

It seems to me I've never found

A thing I'd like to do

But what there's some one close around

'At's got a "don't" or two.

And Sunday—'at's the day 'at "don't"

Is worse of all the seven.

Oh, goodness ! but I hope there won't

Be any "don'ts" in Heaven !

NIXON WATERMAN

GOING TO WASHINGTON.

(Boy on Rocking Horse.)

I'M riding away to Washington
 As fast as fast can be,
 If you've a message for the President
 Just send it on by me.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

WHAT BOYS ARE GOOD FOR.

DO you know that some one really said,
 " Of what earthly good are boys ? "
 I'd like to state it for a fact
 That they're good to make a noise. (*Strikes table with force.*)

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

HERE I am, and how do you do?
 I've come afar to visit you.
 Little children, glad and free,
 Are you ready now for me?
 I'm the month of May !

I've a store of treasures rare
 Laid away with greatest care ;
 Days of sunshine, song and flowers,
 Earth made into fairy bowers !
 I'm the month of May !

THE CHILDREN'S OFFERING.

WE little children gather
The brightest flowers of May,
And lovingly will lay them
On our soldiers' graves to-day.

We bring the fragrant violets
And buttercups so bright,
And pure, white petaled lilies,
For those who fought for right.

Altho' we are so little,
We've heard of battles fought,
And gladly bring our offering
For those who freedom bought.

We proudly wave the colors,
The red, the white, the blue,
And place our flag upon the graves
Of those whose hearts were true.

NELLIE G. JEROME

FOUR W'S.

WHOEVER you are, be noble ;
Whatever you do, do well ;
Whenever you speak, speak kindly ;
Give joy wherever you dwell.

WHO KNOWS THE MOST?

(The little girl should address a real kitten or a picture of one.)

WH0 knows the most, Pussy, you or I?
I know you're cunning and very spry,
I love to watch you chase my ball,
But you cannot read nor write at all.

Your little sharp claws help you climb a tree
Where you sit out of reach and look at me.
I know that is something I can't do,
But you have four feet and I but two.

You look very wise as you lick your paw,
But you do not know that two twos are four,
Or that m-i-c-e is the way to spell mice,
Although you think they are very nice.

But it really isn't your fault at all
That you don't know sphere is the name for ball;
For you have never been to school
And do not know a single rule.

Now I must go to school each day
While you do nothing but sleep and play,
And I don't believe, Pussy, as older you grow
You ever will think how little you know.

NELLIE G. BRONSON.

LITTLE PEACH BLOSSOM.

LITTLE peach blossom has awakened at last,
 And what do you think awoke her?
 Not the birds, as they sang and twittered all day,
 And talked of their nests and the eggs they would
 lay ;
 Not the wind, as it rocked her cradle so fast
 And told her that winter had long ago passed ;
 Not the sun, as he wrapped her in an embrace,
 And showered sweet kisses upon her sweet face ;
 Nor the moon, nor the stars, though they glistened
 so bright,
 And tried to persuade her to wake in the night,—
 But a warm April shower fell on her one day,
 With a quick dash of rain ; and this is the way
 That little peach blossom first opened her eyes,
 With a faint little blush, and a look of surprise.

GOOD NIGHT.

I AM so very near asleep
 I scarce can keep from gaping,
 And so I think it must be time
 Th t people all were napping ;
 So, just before my eyes close tight,
 I wish you, each and all, good night.
 MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

THE FISH FAMILY.

(A motion recitation.)

I SAW five little fishes
Swimming in the sea
And I said, I really wonder,
Who these fishes all can be!

Why, the big one is the papa ;
Then the mamma comes, you see ;
There's the brother and the sister,
And the last, the baby wee.

Now hold up five small fingers ;
They are fishes, we will play ;
No matter how they swim about,
Together they will stay.

So the family of fishes
Together like to be,
Close to papa and to mamma,
As they swim about the sea.

M. S. H. PUTNAM.

BE POLITE.

LET us try to be polite
In everything we do ;
Remember always to say "please,"
And not forget "thank you."

AN APPLE-BLOSSOM.

HIgh on the apple-tree was a lovely, pink apple-blossom, as happy as happy could be. But one rainy, windy morning the five beautiful pinky-white petals fell off and blew away.

"Dear me!" said the poor little flower; this is the end of me."

But it wasn't the end. Pretty soon there was a hard little green bunch with seeds in it, just below where the pretty petals had been. And it grew and grew, till in October there was a great, red apple hanging on the tree.

"An apple is better than a flower," said the apple to herself, as she jumped down for Mary to pick her up.

MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

As sunshine and rain,
Pleasure and pain,
Each day on some must fall;
So the wise thing to do,
If we only knew,
Is to make the best of it all.

THE RAIN COACH.

SOME little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.
A cloud they had for a carriage,
Their horse a playful breeze,
And over land and country
They rode awhile at ease.

But, ah ! they were so many
At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
These frightened little folk.
And through the moss and grasses
They were compelled to roam
Until a brooklet found them
And carried them all home.

MY COUNTRY'S FLAG.

(With flag in hand.)

THIS is my country's flag,
And I am my country's boy !
To love and serve her well
Will ever be my joy.

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

MAKING BUTTER.

(Motion song.)

SKIM, skim, skim ;
 With the skimmer bright
 Take the rich and yellow cream,
 Leave the milk so white.

Churn, churn, churn,
 Now 'tis churning day ;
 Till the cream to butter turns,
 Dasher must not stay.

Press, press, press ;
 All the milk must be
 From the golden butter now
 Pressed out carefully.

Pat, pat, pat ;
 Make it smooth and round.
 See ! the roll of butter's done ;
 Won't you buy a pound ?

Taste, oh ! taste,
 This is very nice ;
 Spread it on the children's bread,
 Give them each a slice.

LITTLE GIFTS.

LITTLE gifts are precious,
 If a loving heart
 Help the busy fingers,
 As they do their part.

TWILIGHT.

HOW sweet is the twilight hour
When, tired with romp and play,
We gather around our mother
And tell of the busy day.

How musical sounds her rocker,
As, creaking to and fro,
She tells us many a story
Of days of long ago.

How mixed are her days with ours
How misty everything seems !
It must be because we are nodding
On our way to the land of dreams.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

MY DOLLY.

I HAVE a little dolly
Who can neither read nor talk,
And so I try to teach her
The proper way to walk.

Every day I take her
A little tiny way ;
I think, if I am patient,
She'll walk quite well some day.

THE RAINBOW.

NOW, look here, Rain," said the Sun one day ; "we've been living peaceably together in Weather-land for quite a long while. I've had my work and play, and you've had yours ; but to-day you are working just a little too hard, and I want you to stop a minute and play."

"Why, why," said the Rain, "I hardly think that—"

"You needn't think," said the Sun. "Just stand still and I'll make something pretty for the children to look at."

"How will you do it?" said the Rain, pausing a moment.

"Why I'll just shine through you and split myself in little pieces," said the Sun.

"Wont it hurt you?" said the Rain.

"No, indeed ; I'll hardly feel it. We'll both come all right again. There ! it's done while we've been talking about it. Let's call it a Rainbow."

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

KNITTING.

(A little girl seated in a chair, knitting, with a kitten on her lap.)

I'VE tried it over and over,
I can't knit my stocking at all,
Unless my dear Kitty Clover
Is with me to play with the ball.

BE CONSIDERATE.

I MUST not speak an angry word,
 I must not tell a lie,
 I must not contradict
 Or make my playmates cry.

CONTENT.

B E content with thy lot,
 Though it may be small;
 Each must have his share,
 One cannot have all.

A DISPUTE.

T OM and Joe quarreled,
 I've heard people tell;
 About a queer animal
 Hid in a shell.
 "I tell you it walks, sir!"
 Said Tommy to Joe;
 "It swims!" cried Joe, loudly,
 "I've seen and I know!"
 "It walks!"—"No, it swims!"—
 And the boys grew quite wroth,
 But the turtle peeped out,
 Saying, "I can do both!"

A. L. MITCHELL.

DAYS OF THE WEEK.

TH E days of the week once talking together
 About their housekeeping, their friends and
 the weather,

Agreed in their talk it would be a nice thing
 For all to march, and dance, and sing ;
 So they all stood up in a very straight row,
 And this is the way they decided to go :

(*Let seven children stand up, and as day of week is called, take places.*)

First came little Sunday, so sweet and good,
 With a book in her hand, at the head she stood.
 Monday skipped in with soap and a tub,
 Scrubbing away with a rub-a-dub-dub ;
 With board and iron came Tuesday bright,
 Talking to Monday in great delight.
 Then Wednesday—the dear little cook—came in,
 Riding cock horse on his rolling-pin.
 Thursday followed, with broom and brush,
 Her hair in a towel, and she in a rush.
 Friday appeared, gaily tripping along ;
 He scoured the knives, and then he was gone.
 Saturday last, with a great big tub,
 Into which we all jump for a very good rub.

(*The children march and sing to the tune of "Good Morning, Merry Sunshine."*)

Children of the week are we,
 Happy, busy, full of glee.
 Often do we come this way,
 And you meet us every day.
 Hand in hand we trip along,
 Singing, as we go, a song.
 Each one may a duty bring,
 Though it be a little thing.

*(Each child may carry an article corresponding to
 day of week represented.)*

MARY ELY PAGE.

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

“I” SAID the duck ; “ I call it fun,
 For I have my little red rubbers on ;
 They make a cunning three-toed track
 In the soft cool mud. Quack, quack.”

“I,” cried the little flowers, “ I ;
 My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry.”
 And they lifted their little colored heads
 Out of the green, grassy beds.

“I hope ‘twill pour ! I hope ‘twill pour !”
 Croaked the tree toad at his gray bark door,
 “For with a broad leaf for a roof
 I am perfectly water-proof.”

THE DAISIES.

AT evening when I go to bed
 I see the stars shine overhead ;
 They are the little daisies white
 That dot the meadow of the night.
 And often while I'm dreaming so,
 Across the sky the moon will go ;
 It is a lady, sweet and fair,
 Who comes to gather daisies there.
 For, when at morning I arise,
 There's not a star left in the skies ;
 She's picked them all and dropped them down
 Into the meadows of the town.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

WASHING.

(Child at a toy wash-tub ; an undressed doll in a chair.)

AIN'T you 'shamed, you naughty Dolly ?
Ain't you 'shamed as you can be ?
 'Cause you made your clothes so dirty,
 See the trouble you've made me !
 Oh, you needn't hang your head so ;
 That won't help the thing a bit ;
 Here's your mother, naughty Dolly,
 Hard at work ; just think of it !
 But I've learned a lesson, Dolly,
 I'll be good as I can be ;
 My mamma shall not be tired
 Doing extra work for me.

CHERRY CHEEKS.

(Little girl with a basket of roses.)

THIS is grandma's birthday,
That is why I've come
To bring her all these roses,
We have such lots at home.

The road was rather dusty,
And I am rather small,
But grandma's pleased to see me,
And that makes up for all.

Tiredness doesn't matter
When my grandma speaks :
"Thank you for the roses !
Thank you, Cherry Cheeks."

WOMANHOOD.

I AM six years old and I like to play, but I would rather grow fast and be a big, tall woman ; then I could do just as I pleased. But mamma says it takes more than size to make a woman. She says I will have a great many things to learn—to sew, sweep, cook, mend and darn ; make beds and go to market ; and, oh dear ! what else ? I guess mamma is right, for I think I would rather be a little girl always and play from morning until night.

LIZZIE J. ROOK.

A LARGE ROOM.

MY teacher told me the other day that I owned one of the largest rooms she ever saw. She said it was called the Room for Improvement.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

THE LITTLE ARMY.

(For five very small boys.)

1st boy (with sword)

I'm the Captain, big and bold,
My soldiers do what they are told.

2d boy (with flag)

I hold the flag and wave it so ;
Where Captain leads I'm sure to go.

3d boy (with drum)

I'm the drummer ; when I drum
The folks all shout, " Oh, here they come ! "

4th boy (with Gun)

I can shoot ; see my big gun ;
And don't I make the rebels run !

5th boy (with trumpet)

I have a horn ; I blow it loud,
Because I like to draw a crowd.

Captain—

Attention, all ! We'll march away !
For we are soldiers, brave and gay.

(*March off, with drum beating, etc.*)

LIZZIE J. ROOK.

WHEN THE FAIRIES LIVED HERE.

WHEN the fairies used to live here,
 Then, you know,
 There was never any dark,
 Or any snow ;
 But the great big sun kept shining
 All the night,
 And the roses just kept blooming,
 Oh, so bright !
 And the little children never
 Teased their mothers ;
 And the little girls always
 Loved their brothers.
 And the brothers, they were just as
 Mild and kind ;
 Every single thing you told them
 They would mind ;
 And they played so very gently ;
 But you know
 That was when the fairies lived here,
 Long ago !

SANTA CLAUS.

AJOLLY old fellow,
 Whose hair is snow white
 And whose little, bright eyes are blue,
 Will be making his visits
 On Christmas night ;
 Perhaps he will call on you.

A WONDER STORY.

A BUNCH of dry, dead leaves,
To a bare, brown willow clung,

And all the winter through

In the icy breezes swung.

Even when spring-time came,

And the tree was clad in green,

Still on the topmost branch

Might the withered leaves be seen.

"If I could reach," said a boy one day,

"I'd pluck those leaves and throw them away."

But early one bright morn,

Just as the boy passed by,

Out from the dry, dead leaves

Came a beautiful butterfly.

It fluttered from twig to twig

And spread its wings for flight,

Leaving the child below

To marvel at the sight.

"I certainly never dreamed," said he,

"That such a wonderful thing could be!"

HELEN C. BACON.

THE DAISY.

WAKE up, little daisy, the summer is nigh,
The dear little robin is up in the sky,

The snowdrop and crocus were never so slow;

Then wake, little daisy, and hasten to grow.

Now hark, little daisy, I'll tell you what's said,
The lark thinks you're lazy and love your warm bed ;
But I'll not believe it, for now I can see
Your bright little eye winking softly at me.

WHICH IS BEST?

(For two boys and a girl.)

First Boy: "Of all the days of all the year,"
 Cried loyal Freddy Bly,
"The very splendid-est of all
 Comes early in July.
Think of the fun ! the glorious noise !
That is the day—at least for boys."

Second Boy: "Of all the days of all the year,"
Said little Robin Gray,
"The very best, I do believe,
Will be Thanksgiving day.
A fellow has such things to eat !
Thanksgiving day cannot be beat."

Girl "Of all the days of all the year,"
Sang pretty Nan, "remember
The dearest, happiest and best
Is coming in December.
What girl or boy, north, east, south,
west,
But knows that Christmas day is
best?"

ANNIE L. HANNAH.

DOLLY'S BEDTIME.

(Girl holding doll.)

COME, good-night, my dolly dear,
 It is bedtime, do you hear?
 Little girl must go to bed ;
 That is what my mamma said ;
 But I guess, I really do,
 Dolly, dear, mamma meant you ;
 I'm not sleepy, so you see
 Mamma couldn't have meant me.

Now the little nightie, Oh
 Dolly, sweet, I love you so !
 Now, good-night ! Oh, dear ! Oh, dear !
 I see nursie coming here ;
 I'm afraid, to tell you true,
 Mamma did mean me—not you.

COUNTING.

ONE little kitten with a jingling bell ;
 Two little eyes, and—don't you tell !
 Three little bowls of milk up high ;
 Four little leaps by the kitten spry ;
 Five little laps of the yellow cream ;
 Then comes the end of the blissful dream :
 For one little maid, with two little hands,
 Makes three little steps to the broom as it stands ;
 Gives four little stamps and five little blows,
 And out of the door the kitten goes.

HARRIOT BREWER.

THE ROAD TO FAIRY-LAND.

WHERE is the road to fairy-land?
 What is the shortest way?
 Come, let us ask the flowers all,
 And see what they will say?
 The little birds that sing so sweet
 Above us in the air,
 Will kindly tell us where to go ;
 They surely have been there.
 And then, perhaps, when we have found
 The queen, so kind and true,
 She'll touch us with her little wand
 And make us fairies, too.

MY BABY BROTHER.

COME down to our house, I have something to
 show you ;
 A dear little baby that hasn't a name ;
 So pretty, so cunning, so sweet that I know you
 Will wish that you had at your own house the same.
 His dear little head he can't always hold steady ;
 He can't even place where he wants to his hands ;
 He smiles when I come, so he knows me already,
 And just the least bit on his two feet he stands.
 I never liked anything half as much ; maybe
 You think I would sell him—I wouldn't for gold !
 To know how I love him, the dear, darling baby,
 You must love one yourself—you could never be
 told.

SARAH E. HOWARD.

THE BEE'S WISDOM.

SAID a little wandering maiden
To a bee with honey laden,
"Bee, in all the flowers you work,
Yet in some doth poison lurk."

"That I know, my little maiden,"
Said the bee with honey laden;
"But the poison I forsake,
And the honey only take."

"Cunning bee, with honey laden,
That is right," replied the maiden.
"So will I from all I meet,
Only take the good and sweet."

SPRING IS GROWING UP

SPRING is growing up,
Isn't it a pity!
She was such a little thing,
And so very pretty?
Summer is extremely grand,
We must pay her duty;
But it is to little Spring
That she'll owe her beauty.

WHAT GIRLS LOVE TO DO.

Ellen—(Holding a plate of cakes, etc.)

I LOVE to get the breakfast,
The pancakes I can bake ;
The table then I nicely set
And help make bread and cake.

Kate—(With a milk-stool and pail.)

I love to milk the gentle cows,
It's fun, I'd have you know,
To take my stool and milking-pail,
And say, "So—Bossy—so."

Eliza—(Swinging her hat.)

It's better fun to get the cows.
"Co-Boss ! Co-Boss !" I call.
I run and climb the highest fence
And never get a fall.

Mary—(With gay dolls in her hands.)

I'm fond of dressing pretty dolls,
In lovely lace and silk ;
To trim their clothes with velvets fine,
Is nicer than to milk.

Emma—(With a book and some stockings that need mending.)

I love to read good story-books,
And spend a while at play ;
And then I wash the dishes up
And stockings mend, each day.

Jenny—(Holding a broom and dust-pan.)

I love to take a broom and sweep,
I make the beds and sew ;
Such work as this, my mother says,
Is good for me to do.

(Standing in a semicircle and holding up the implement of work, etc.; when it is named, all recite together, slowly and clearly :)

Baking cakes for breakfast,
Milking cows at morn,
Climbing fences safely,
With our clothes not torn ;
Dressing dolls in laces,
Reading and some play,
Dishes washed and stockings mended,
Brooms well used each day—
Doing these while on time whirls,
Makes us happy, useful girls.

FAST ASLEEP.

FAST asleep lies little May,
With Dolly on her breast ;
Tread softly as you come away,
And don't disturb her rest.

Her little soul it knows no fear,
No thought of sin or sorrow ;
And God will take good care of her,
Until she wakes to-morrow.

SIR DANDELION.

COME, Sir Dandelion,
So old and gray,
Will you tell to me
The time of day ?

You won't tell unless
I blow your head ?
Then, old Dandelion,
You'd be dead.

And the sweet buttercups,
Would they cry ?
I'll never kill you,
No, not I.

Good-bye, Dandelion ;
You take your ease ;
Sway with the wild flowers
In the breeze.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

DO YOUR BEST.

IF you're told to do a thing
And mean to do it really,
Never let it be by halves ;
Do it fully, freely.

MAIDS OF JAPAN.

(Dresses of gay cretonne; Japanese fans.)

WE'RE make-believe maids of Japan ;
We each have a Japanese fan ;

(Hold out fans toward audience.)

We wave them with ease (*wave fans*),
To make a nice breeze ;

The way that they do in Japan.

When the maids go out for a call,

The tall ones as well as the small,

They all sit down flat (*sit on floor*)

On the top of a mat,

These folks that live off in Japan.

And then, when they rise up to go,

Of course you every one know,

They bow very low, (*bow low*),

Yes, truly, just so !

What queer things they do in Japan !

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

DOLL BABIES.

OH Fanny, dear Fanny,
Make haste with the bed,

My child is so tired

She can't raise her head.

Your child is so old

She can sit up till eight ;

But mine is quite ill

If she stays up so late.

A NOSE OUT OF JOINT.

DOES my nose look crooked? Everybody says, "Charlie's nose is out of joint," and I never heard a word about it until I didn't want to kiss that horrid, cross little sister. I wish somebody would buy her! I don't want her! Mamma just loves her like anything. I don't see why everybody makes such a fuss about her. I wish her nose was out of joint. Oh, dear! I don't want a broken nose. I think I'll go and ask mamma if—I—kiss—that—that—baby, my nose will grow straight again. Wouldn't you?

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

THE NEW YEAR.

LITTLE New Year, little New Year,
Born in the winter weather,
I am young like you and, hand in hand,
We will journey on together.

Little New Year, little New Year,
By trying every day,
I hope to be good company
Until you go away.

MARY F. BUTTER.

FIVE LITTLE BROTHERS.

FIVE little brothers set out together
 To journey the livelong day,
 In a curious carriage all made of leather
 They hurried away, away !
 One big brother and three quite small,
 And one wee fellow, no size at all.
 The carriage was dark and none too roomy
 And they could not move about ;
 The five little brothers grew very gloomy,
 And the wee one began to pout,
 Till the biggest one whispered, " What do you say,
 Lets leave the carriage and run away !"
 So out they scampered, the five together,
 And off and away they sped !
 When somebody found that carriage of leather,
 Oh my ! how she shook her head.
 'Twas her little boy's shoe, as every one knows,
 And the five little brothers were five little toes.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

HIS IDEA OF IT.

BENNY watched his grandmamma
 As she shelled the peas,
 He picked a big pod up and said,
 " Unbutton this one, please ! "

SUSIE M. BEST.

THE DAY AFTER.

O H dear ! it's so far to next Christmas !
 Seems long as forever and more.
 I've been counting the days over 'n' over—
 Three hundred and sixty-four !
 That's a dreadful lot to be waiting
 To hang up your stocking, you see ;
 But to-morrow—that's something—there's only
 Three hundred and sixty-three !

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

DOCTOR'S VISIT.

Little Mamma (with a sick doll) :

C OME and see my baby dear ;
 C Doctor, she is ill, I fear.
 Yesterday, do what I would,
 She would touch no kind of food ;
 And she tosses, moans and cries,
 Doctor, what do you advise ?

Doctor :

Hum ! ha ! Good madam, tell me, pray,
 What have you offered her to-day ?
 Ah, yes—I see ; a piece of cake,
 The worst thing you could make her take.
 Just let me taste. Yes, yes, I fear
 Too many plums and currants here—
 But stop ! I will just taste again,
 So as to make the matter plain !

Little Mamma :

But, doctor, pray excuse me ; oh !
 You've eaten all my cake up now !
 I thank you kindly for your care ;
 But do you think 't was hardly fair ?

Doctor :

Oh, dear me ! Did I eat the cake ?
 Well, it was for dear baby's sake.
 But keep her in her bed, well warm,
 And you will see she'll take no harm.
 At night and morning, use, once more,
 Her drink and powder as before ;
 And she must not be overfed,
 But may just have a piece of bread.
 To-morrow, then, I dare to say,
 She'll be quite right. Good-day ! good-day !

DON'T WAKE THE BABY.

BABY sleeps, so we must tread
 Softly 'round her little bed,
 And be careful that our toys
 Do not fall and make a noise.

Play and talk, but whisper low,
 Mother wants to work, we know ;
 That when father comes to tea,
 All may neat and cheerful be.

A COUNTRY GIRL.

(Little girl; calico dress, sun-bonnet in hand, which she swings.)

I 'M just a country maiden
Dressed in a printed gown ;
I think I'm just as happy
As girls who live in town.

I'm joyous in the sunshine
With birds and budding flowers,
And in the daisy meadows,
I pass the happy hours.

I sit beside the brooklet,
And dabble in, my feet ;
While girls who live in cities,
Just walk the dusty street.

And then, when day is ended,
I watch the twinkling stars ;
While girls who live in cities,
Just gaze on—trolley cars.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

THE JAPANESE DOLL.

M Y dolly is a Japanese,
And will not say her A B C's,
No matter how I coax and tease
That naughty, naughty, Japanese.

A DELIGHTFUL CUSTOM.

THE topsy-turvy doctors have
A very curious way ;
They do not cure folks of their ills,
But of their health, they say.

For instance, when a boy feels well,
The doctor he comes by
And makes him stay at home from school,
And dose himself with pie.

And that is why, 'twixt you and me,
An "upsidowney" I would be.

BESSIE'S TROUBLES.

(A little girl with four dolls.)

THREE once was a maiden
Who lived long ago,
She had so many dollies
She didn't know what to do.

They're the trouble of my life, you know. One dollie is all very well, but four are really too many for me to manage. I have their hats to make, their stockings to mend, their clothes to wash, and it keeps me busy from morning till night. And they aren't a bit grateful for it all. For if one isn't into mischief the other is. Matilda Jane's nose is broken ; Mary Ann's arm is coming off ; Belinda's sawdust is coming out. Oh dear, dear, dear ! But, there ! I'm sure I love them all very much, and I wouldn't part with one of them for the world.

TWO KITTENS.

TO DDLLEKINS and Tidkins
Were two naughty kittens ;
Who quarreled on a summer day,
All about their mittens.

Toddlekins said Tidkins
Didn't wash them clean ;
And Tidkins said that Toddlekins
Talked so very mean.

Toddlekins scratched Tidkins
In the middle of his face ;
And Tidkins chased poor Toddlekins
All around the place.

And as they tumbled over,
Forgotten were the mittens ;
And Tidkins and young Toddlekins
Were just two frisky kittens.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

A DRUMMER BOY.

(Boy with drum).

TA-RATTA, ta-ratta, tum-tum, tum-tum,
I have such a nice little drum, drum, drum ;
I beat it, I thump it, bum-bum, bum-bum,
Now all the good people can hear when I come.
Ta-ratta, ta-ratta, ta-ra, ta-ra,
I think it is nice when I play to-day.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

PUSSY'S PICTURE.

(A little boy or girl with slate and pencil, or with chalk standing by a blackboard, sketching while talking. A crude outline faintly sketched on the slate or board could be allowed, thus adding interest to the recitation. Subject of the picture or sketch, a small child holding a cat.)

I 'LL make a picture of puss and you,
 If you'll sit still : so please now, do.
 Don't make such faces ! Oh, don't cry !
 Did pussy scratch you on the sly ?
 Hold up her head and keep her so.
 There, that is good ! now you may go,
 For here's the picture already done ;
 I think this kind of play is fun.

LIZZIE J. ROOK.

WASH DAY.

(Several little girls with play washtubs.)

WE are merry maidens sitting in a ring ;
 We've no time to play to-day,
 Though we gaily sing
 Rub-a-dub-dub, soapsuds and tubs,
 This is our washing day.

We are busy maidens,
 Work's the sweetest thing,
 This is all we stay to say
 As we gaily sing
 Rub-a-dub-dub, soapsuds and tubs,
 This is our washing day.

OH !

OH, what would people do
 Without the little Oh ?
 For everybody says it
 Wherever they may go.
 When people bump their noses,
 Or even stump a toe,
 How very much they'd suffer
 If they couldn't cry out " Oh ! "
 It's Oh ! when I am happy
 And Oh my ! when I'm sad,
 And Oh dear me ! when study
 Makes me so awful mad.
 When I go to the dentist's
 I sound a frightful Oh !
 And then when I am sleepy
 There is the gaping O—h !

A PATRIOTIC BOY.

(A small boy with flag.)

YOU see I am a little boy,
 But I can wave a flag,
 And when the other boys all march
 I'm sure I do not lag.
 And when the others shout out loud,
 As loud as they, shout I ;
I wave my flag and say,
 Hurrah, hurrah for Fourth o' July !
 MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

BEDTIME.

DO you know
 Why the snow
 Is hurrying through the garden so?
 Just to spread
 A nice soft bed
 For the sleepy little flowers' head ;
 To cuddle up the baby ferns, and smooth the lily's
 sheet,
 And tuck a warm white blanket down around the
 roses' feet.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

JOLLY MARCH.

OF all the months, of all the year,
 I like old March the best ;
 He's such a jolly gentleman—
 He takes no time to rest.
 He puffs and blows, and takes my kite,
 And carries it up high,
 Until it seems a tiny bird,
 Far in the deep blue sky.
 'Tis true he sometimes takes my hat,
 And tosses it away ;
 But I don't care a fig for that—
 'Tis only done in play.

LIZZIE J. ROOK.

KEEPING STORE.

(A little girl sitting on a small stool in front of an open-backed chair. Various articles are arranged on the seat of the chair.)

I 'M keeping store ; I've heaps of things,
So please to come and buy,
Of course, you need not pay for things,
Before you buy, you try.

I've lemonade to sell by sips,
I've mint drops for a pin,
And here's a lovely cushion
With needles all stuck in.

Now, see this piece of castile soap,
This candy for a cough ;
And here's a box of matches,
But all the heads are off.

I think I'll bite this piece of cake,
The lemonade I'll sup,
And then I'll take a little walk,
The store I'll just shut up.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

ALL UPSET.

O H dear, oh dear, I feel so queer,
My heart goes pit-a-pat ;
And so I think I'll make a bow,
And leave you after that.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

TWINS.

YOU see we're almost just alike ;
 You must, of course, confess
 That you can't tell us which is which,
 That you can only guess.

But I can tell you, if I would,
 As easy as can be
 Whether it is that she is I,
 Or whether I am she.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

WHEN WE GROW BIG.
 (Concert piece.)

WE tiny tots must make our speech,
 We've just a word or two ;
 For boys and girls as small as we
 Can very little do.

But little folks, like little plants,
 Grow larger day by day ;
 And when we've grown as big as you,
 We'll have much more to say.

LIZZIE J. ROOF

THE BUMBLE BEE.

I SAW a little bumble bee
 As I walked in the garden ;
 He stung my thumb and never said,
 I humbly beg your pardon.

So it was not a humble bee ;
 You see it was a bumble,
 For bumble bee's I'm very sure
 Are never very humble.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

MY RIDE.

I JUMPED in a hammock
 To take a ride ;
 I'll go up as high as the sky, said I,
 I'll peep in the clouds
 Where the fairies live,
 And on their doings I'll just spy.

So backward and forward
 I swung so high,
 I'm surely almost there, I said,
 I will soon see the stars—
 And so I did,
 For I landed on top of my head.

MRS. E. J. H. GOODFELLOW.

IF I WERE YOU.

IF I were you, and went to school,
 I'd never break the smallest rule ;
 And it should be my teacher's joy
 To say she had no better boy.
 And 'twould be true,
 If I were you.

If I were you, I'd always tell
 The truth, no matter what befell ;
 For two things only I despise—
 A coward heart and telling lies ;
 And you would, too,
 If I were you.

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I KNOW a funny little boy,
 The happiest ever born ;
 His face is like a beam of joy,
 Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
 And waited for a groan ;
 But how he laughed ! Do you suppose
 He struck his funny bone ?

No matter how the day may go ;
 You cannot make him cry ;
 He's worth a dozen boys I know,
 Who pout, and mope, and sigh.

GEORGE COOPER.

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